

# WEEKLY COURIER.

C. DOANE, Publisher.

JASPER. INDIANA

## A YEAR AGO.

A year ago I held in mine hand,  
And for the pulses quicken and dissolve,  
While of her face a light from Heaven's own  
And seemed all the mystery of death to solve.

She raised her weary eyes to mine and  
Sighed—  
Sighed as a flower o'er which storm-clouds  
And when the promised sunshine is denied,  
And cold and heavy rains from Heaven descend.

She tried to speak. I knelt beside her bed,  
That one last wish she might to me impart.  
A whisper came, and then the spirit fled.  
Like some sweet thought long prisoned in the heart.

A year ago! I twined the lilacs white  
About her shroud, and with the coffin's lace,  
For she had loved them; and the long, long  
night  
They pressed their waxen lips upon her face.

I hear the funeral bell toll and long—  
My heart reverberates to-day the sound—  
And then there came a prayer—a pause—a  
song—  
And flowers next were heaped upon a  
mound.

I turned aside and homeward bent my way,  
Alas! the face I loved so long—not there—  
Sweet memories arose to gild my day,  
But sadder ones to mock my heart's despair.

Where is she now? You think the grave can  
hide  
A friend so true within its dungeon deep.  
Ah! no; she walks ever by my side,  
And watches o'er me when I chance to sleep.

We stroll abroad oft at the twilight hour  
To memory's garden. Under memory's tree  
She pulls the silver mask from many a flower,  
And sends its tender secret unto me.

She guides my pen along uncertain heights,  
Where unattended I could never go;  
The candle of success she often lights,  
When the flame flickers and the wick burns low.

She leads me to the grave and says: "Not  
here,  
But there," and points me to the Heavenly  
gate;  
And, when upon my cheek there falls a tear  
(For sometimes yet my heart grows desolate),  
I feel upon my face her own soft hand,  
And glimpses of her robe sometimes have  
seen.

O happy thought, how strong is friendship's  
bond  
When out of heaven an angel friend can  
lean.

A year ago! Sad, sad, that parting day,  
And sadder still the last, the long agony.  
Death called the angel of my heart away—  
The angel that once Heaven to my view.  
—*Los Angeles Courier-Journal.*

## TOO MUCH HURRIED.

Why Uncle Joel Failed to Set the Old Speckled Hen.

All the good people of Pogganac would have told you that Uncle Joel Potter was one of the best men that ever lived; but even those who liked him most were forced to admit that he was "just a little slow." But to his wife he was far beyond the "little." As she emphatically asserted, he was "as slow as molasses in January."

It must have been one of nature's strange laws of "attraction of opposites" which brought this couple together; for while Uncle Joel was slow, plodding, dreamy, Aunt Hannah was quick, energetic, ambitious—a notable housekeeper, who could do the work of two women while others were planning what to do; whose washing was on the line of a Monday morning looking like drifts of snow, long before most of her neighbors had finished breakfast.

To her energetic nature, her husband's slow movements and lack of ambition were thorns in the flesh not unworthy, perhaps, to be compared with the Apostle Paul. The fifteen years more of life which Uncle Joel had seen, and a crippled limb—the result of an accident in boyhood—may have had much to do with his lack of energy; but more of it was nature, an inheritance from his mother, an intensely religious woman, who, the neighbors said, "could work all day in a half bushel an' never git out o' n'."

And Uncle Joel's highest dream of happiness was to sit in his arm-chair by the south window, in the spacious old kitchen, and read aloud to himself by the hour from the big Bible lying in his lap, his low, droning monotone driving Aunt Hannah to the verge of distraction.

"Here Joel, I want a pail of water!" she called, one morning when he was thus reading, and she was elbow-deep in the floury mysteries of the bread bowl, "an' don't be all day about it; I'm in a hurry."

"Yes, yes, Hannah," Uncle Joel remarked, reading along softly, his finger following his eyes over the page. "And they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they—"

"An' they that wait on their wives shall renew their youth, I reckon," Aunt Hannah interrupted, sharply. "I'm certain sure you'd have to be born agin afore you did it. Come, git that water, I'm in a hurry, I tell ya."

"Yes, Hannah, I'm a-comin'."

"An' so's Christmas, an' it'll git here first, I reckon. I wonder if there ever was another such a slow mortal in this world!"

And rubbing her hands free from the dough, she caught up the pail and had drawn the water and returned before Uncle Joel had finished his all-important chapter, and rising slowly from the chair limped across the kitchen.

"Why, the pail's full, Hannah," he said.

"Full, of course it's full!" Aunt Hannah snapped. "Did yo' suppose I was a-goin' to wait all day? I reckon they'd be a lot o' work done in this house if a body was to wait for you."

as you be, an' the race isn't allus to the swift—"

"But yo''ll find the battle'll be t' the strong—an' right here in this kitchen, if yo' don't stir yer stumps lively."

"But what shall I do, Hannah?" and Uncle Joel looked around in helpless bewilderment.

"Do? Why, just go out an' set the old speckled hen. I've told yo' to more'n a dozen times. She'd a had time t' set an' hatch whilst yo was gettin' ready t' do it."

And Aunt Hannah, catching up the first thing that came handy, which proved to be Uncle Joel's soft felt hat, proceeded to fill it with eggs.

"Here they be, and don't be all day about it!" she called, coming out of the pantry holding the hat with both hands and depositing it in the soft, fluffy depths of the feather cushion in the big rocking-chair.

Hurrying back to the pantry, she returned to her baking, while Uncle Joel hunted around for his hat and cane, which were always missing when needed.

"Good mornin', Miss Potter," came the next moment to Aunt Hannah's ears, as her next-door neighbor walked into the kitchen without knocking: "busy as ever? What a master hand yo be t' work! I wonder if yo ever stop long enough t' eat and sleep!"

"Well, somebody's got t' work where there's eight mouths t' feed an' eight backs t' keep clo's on," Aunt Hannah answered, without stopping a moment in her sifting of sugar and measuring of flour for her cakes.

"Did yo hear what a muss they had over t' Mose Potter's, last night?"

"No; what's up now? They're allus havin' a time there. I wonder how that woman can be such a fool as t' live with such a man."

"So do I. But this time t' was was n' any o' their quarrels. Didn't yo know 'bout the feller from Dobbs' factory a-comin' up t' ar an' feather Mose?"

"My goodness gracious, Miss Brown, yo don't mean it?"

And Aunt Hannah stopped in her work of brooding eggs to raise her hands in astonishment.

"Do take a cheer an' set down, and take off your bunnet," leading the way into the kitchen, and setting a chair for her visitor. "Do tell us all about it."

Aunt Hannah deposited her two hundred pounds rather heavily on the soft feather cushion on the huge rocking-chair, and commenced beating her eggs in a mulberry crock-tow—she could not stop work even long enough to gratify her curiosity—and the twined steel fork with which she was doing the work had not the efficiency of the modern egg-beater.

"Well, yo see, Mrs. Brown began, pushing the huge framework of pastebord and gingham back from her face, "Mose's wife took her tailor-work home yesterday an' got her money for it. Yo know Mose use t' carry it, and he wouldn't let her her the money for it; jest spent jest he'd a minter, an' she an' the children had t' go hungry half o' the time; for Mose never'd bring nothin' in to speak on."

"I know it; an' I've told her time an' agin she was a fool t' work so an' let that crazy lummox git hold o' her money," said Aunt Hannah, beating her eggs more briskly in her indignation. "He'd set behind the stove all last winter an' sing 'The Lord Provide,' an' wouldn't lift his finger t' provide for his younguns himself. The hypocrite!"

"Well, yessie," Mrs. Brown resumed, "she le't better n' t' let him carry home any work; so yesterday she an' Jane took a big bundle out to the city, an' when she got back, Mose told her to give him the money, 'n' she wouldn't do it. He was mighty high over it, an' threatened what he'd do if she didn't let him have it. But she'd got her back up, 'n' yo know Sally's pretty kinder sot when she sets out t' be, 'n' Mose couldn't scare her with a cent. She jest told him the money were her'n; she earn't it, 'n' he shouldn't touch a penny on't. Then she sez he jest grabbed her by the arm an' throat, an' tried to git it, 'n' she kicked an' pulled till she got away from him; but her hair'd come down in the tussle, an' he grabbed her by that, an' afore she could git away he'd pulled out a lock as big as my thumb. Her head lookt awful when she came over to our house, an' told on't, an' her arm an' throat was black an' blue where he'd pinched 'er. I told her I'd go straight t' Squire Pease 'n' make complaint against him. An' she started; but afore she got there she met Dave Tuttle, 'n' yo know what a high-flyer Dave is; 'n' as soon as she told him 'bout Mose, Dave sez, sez he:—"

"Mrs. Potter, yo jest go right straight back n' get the young'uns 'n' yer clo's, an' if Mose says any thing, jest tell him yo've made complaint against him, an' he dasset tech ye, an' I'll get my team 'n' meet ye here in half an hour, an' fetch ye to my house, an' yo can stay till yo can make a shift some way."

"So she got the young'uns an' things—an' mighty few things there was, too—an' Dave fetched them home with him."

"What did Mose have t' say for himself when Sally came back?"

"Never said nothin', only asked 'er where she was goin', an' she told him 'twas where she'd be better off than she'd ever been with him. She says he kinder hauled in his horns, as if he was a little afeared, an' he let 'er go without sayin' nothin' more."

"The mean scamp! Lucky for him I wasn't his wife!" said Aunt Hannah, fiercely. "I'd a-learn't him what's what afore this time."

"Well, yo see, Dave went an' told them factory fellows how mean Mose had used his wife, an' they'd allus had kind of a grudge against him, an' didn't want no better fun 'n' t' scare him half to death; so they jest rigged up in old clo's, an' turned their coats wrong side out, 'n' blacked their faces, so's he couldn't tell none on 'em. Then they got a big bag o' feathers an' a little o' tar, an' came up there an' tried to git Mose out. But he smelt a rat, an' they couldn't raise him. They pounded on the doors an' told him they'd break 'em down if they didn't let 'em in, but he never let on he heard 'em. Bimbo some of 'em got the hog-troth an' throw it through the window."

"Good for 'em!" said Aunt Hannah, chuckling with delight. "That's the way to do it."

most sensible thing they ever done. A hog's trough is the best thing they could find for sich a hog."

"They staid 'round there party nigh half an hour, and one o' two 'n' 'em got in through the broken window an' looked high an' low, but they couldn't find nothin' o' Mose. Arter they'd been gone a spell, Lish went over an' hollered t' Mose 'n' told him they'd all cleared out, and 'nobody shouldn't tech him if he'd come out. But he never showed himself; an' Lish lit a candle an' went all over the house, from garrit t' siller, but he couldn't find nothin' o' Mose nowhere; but jest as was a-goin' t' give it up, he heard Mose call in a kind of a scart whisper:—

"Lish, is it you? Be they all gone?"

"An' as true as yo live, there was Mose down on all fours—a-crawl'n' out of a hoghead 'way in under the siller stairs. He was all covered with ashes an' dirt, an' he shook jest like a popple leat. He was scart all but to death, ar' hung t' Lish so, not to leave him alone, that he had to fetch him home with him. He put him in the bed up garrit, 'n' I never knew nothin' about it 'till morning, or there'd a-been music, yo better b'leve. I jest made Lish take that bed out inter the yard, an' it's there now; nobody'd never want'er sleep on't arter that nasty critter'd been sleepin' in it."

"Well, I declare for't," Aunt Hannah said, spitefully, at the close of the narration. "I wish t' goodness they'd a-etched him on a rail out o' town. I owed the Old Scratch a dozen sinners an' he wouldn't take Mose Potter 'n' call it even, I' cheat him out o' the hull on't! He's the biggest old hypocrite that I ever see."

"There, there, Hannah!" Uncle Joel interposed, mildly, coming out of the pantry, where, during the recital of his neighbors' misdeeds, he had been hunting high and low for something he could not quite remember.

"By their fruits ye shall know 'em," Aunt Hannah retorted, sharply. "An' if a man don't show nothin' but hogishness 'n' hypocrisy, I dunno where's the sin in calling him a hog an' a hypocrite, an' yo needn't stand up for him, nuther. He's got more devils in him than ever was cast out o' Mary Magdalin, anyhow."

"Well, Hannah, 'twas a woman the Lord cast 'em out of. The Bible don't say as he ever cast seven devils out of a man."

"No, he le't 'em all in the men, an' they're there now," was the triumphant retort.

Under this scathing rebuke Uncle Joel retreated to the pantry and continued his search.

"What in the world are yo sputterin' 'round that butty for?" his wife called, as the clatter of pans and dishes first drew her attention to Uncle Joel's trespass upon forbidden ground.

"Why, I'm lookin' for them eggs, Hannah. Yo told me to set the old speckled hen, didn't yo? an' I can't find the eggs nowhere."

"Mercy on us! And yo've been all this time about it? I thought yo'd set her half an hour ago."

And rising from her chair, Aunt Hannah started hurriedly for the pantry, when an exclamation of "O Miss Potter, do see!" recalled her.

And what a sight! There, in the feathery depths of the chair cushion, was the old felt hat crushed as flat as a pancake, and all that remained of the dozen eggs was a mass of broken shells, whites and yolks mixed in a manner not common in cake-making. Her dress was plentifully plastered with the mixture, and every movement sent drippings of it down to the floor.

In her eagerness to hear her neighbor's story she had sat down without looking behind her, and the soft depths of the cushions had given no warning of the mischief she was doing.

"My goodness!" was all she could say, as she stood looking upon the horrible mixture.

"Well, Hannah," said Uncle Joel, "I never thought ye was in sich a hurry to hatch them eggs that ye'd set on 'em yourself."

And for the first time in her twenty years of married life Aunt Hannah had no retort ready; and the old speckled hen was not set that day.—*Jennie Porter Arnold, in Hartford Times.*

The Latest French Acquisition.

The Comoro Isles, which have just been formally ceded to France, will strengthen her hold in Madagascar waters, as they lie between the great island and Africa, in Mozambique channel. Those of importance are four in number, and contain perhaps seventy thousand people, with some manufactures, and a very considerable cultivation of sugar, now an export. French influence has long been dominant in the group, the island of Mayotta having been ceded to France more than forty years ago, under an agreement reaffirmed in 1845. Johanna, on the island of the same name, where the new treaty has just been signed, has long been a port of call, at which ships obtain provisions; and to some extent the other two islands—Angazya or Great Comore and Mohilla—have also furnished supplies. The soil is fertile, though the islands are mountainous, and no doubt they will do quite as well under formal annexation as hitherto.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Sacramento Bee says that the purchase of vegetables grown by Chinese has not diminished, notwithstanding the boycotting of vegetables cultivated by the Mongolians. Many of the varieties of vegetables grown by Chinese are not cultivated by the whites. As this class of vegetables is in demand it makes it compulsory on the part of the white vendors to purchase them. It is noticeable that the Chinese peddlers are not on the decrease, but that they number about the same as last year.

A Santa Rosa (Cal.) fruit-seller who has been boycotted because the following announcement: "Buy my berries, all grown by Chinese. If you are Americans and have said in your make-up, buy of me. One dollar a box to boycotters, thirty cents to others."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The late Senator Miller, reputed a millionaire, has left an estate worth less than \$200,000.—*San Francisco Call.*

During the twelve years following the death of Charles Dickens no less than 4,239,000 volumes of his works were sold in England alone.

Society ladies of Boston are so much engrossed in their social duties that they have no time to read. So they employ ladies of intelligence to give up one day in the week to post them as to news, literature, books, etc.—*Boston Herald.*

"What a lovely woman!" was the exclamation of Chief-Justice Waite upon passing a first-class beauty when walking down Pennsylvania avenue with a friend. "What an excellent judge!" said the lady, when her sensitive ear caught the flattering decree of the Chief Justice.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The editor of the Sharon (Mass.) Advocate has gone into the marrying business as a little side speculation. In a recent issue of his paper he says: "Persons intending marriage are reminded that the editor of the Advocate has had his commission as justice of the peace renewed by his Excellency Governor Robinson. Brother editors will be married to Sharon ladies free."

Agnes Ethel, who created such a sensation on the American stage some years ago, and who has since lived in retirement, is, by the will of her late husband, Francis W. Tracy, left a millionaire. Mr. Tracy died at his residence in Buffalo recently, leaving a fortune of about \$3,000,000. His nearest relatives were his widow and Miss Harriet F. Tracy, a daughter by his first wife.—*Buffalo Express.*

Rev. Phillip Brooks, of Trinity Church, Boston, is a large man, both physically and intellectually. He is an uncompromising bachelor, and it is stated that he has several barrels of slippers in the attic of his rectory, every pair being many sizes too small for him; his feminine admirers having sacrificed utility in their desire to pay him a delicate compliment. When the Lord sets about making a great man he first lays broad foundations for him to stand upon.—*Chicago Interior.*

The will of the late Thaddeus F. Stuart, of South Burlington bequeaths \$200 in trust to the Vermont Methodist Conference. The will provides that at each annual session of the conference one of its members shall be appointed to visit the grave of the deceased first Sunday in June, and there "preach a full and free salvation to all that may attend to hear." The minister appointed is to give timely notice to the churches of the hour this sermon will be preached, and is to receive \$10 for his services, the interest on the \$200 to be used for that purpose.—*St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger.*

HUMOROUS.

A Haverhill woman refused to shoo her hens because her husband, a shoemaker, was on a strike.—*Lowell Citizen.*

It may be supposed that the man who has been sent to the House of correction twenty-three times is not ashamed of his convictions.—*Boston Post.*

There is an economical man in Bermondsey who, after having kindled his fire, stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them.

A large crack has been discovered in the Washington monument. It has taken so long to complete the monument that we half suspect it is the crack of doom.—*Judge.*

A little girl was sitting at a table opposite a gentleman with a waxed mustache. After gazing at him for several moments, she exclaimed: "My kitty has got smellers, too."

"My good man," said the philiatrist to the street laborer, "do you never have cause to grumble at your position?" "No, sir," was the answer. "I took my pick at the start."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Happiness Complete.—With her he swings upon the gate, And views the moon in rapture great; Observe his sweet, contented smile! There is no dog within a mile!—*Tid-Bits.*

A girl, being bantered one day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover, who had the misfortune to have but one arm, replied: "I wouldn't have a man with two arms; they're too common."

A writer in a fashion paper says: "The ears should be so placed as not to be higher than the eye-brow or lower than the tip of the nose." People who are dressing for a party should not forget this.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Mr. Rosenschweizer (entering a country store): "Ah! how do yo do, Mr. Jayhawk? How was dradd? Dadd a cigar. Pleafutful vether, ain't it? Vant any goods in our line, Mr. Jayhawk?" Mr. J.: "No, reckon not. Store is all stocked up." Mr. R.: "Is dot so? I'm very sorry. Mr. I drouble yo to give me dot cigar? I got to git it to Mr. Gawk across der way."—*Chicago Rambler.*

Don't be a clam. Three gentlemen went together into a Philadelphia restaurant and gave their order. Presently they changed their minds, and one of them said to the waiter: "I say, waiter, we three ordered clams awhile ago, didn't we? Well, we have changed our minds. Instead of clams, bring us three chops." The waiter said: "All right," and then loudly called to the cook: "Three chops for three clams!"—*Texas Siftings.*

She Was All Business.

A Chicago woman entered the office of a loan agency the other day, and said: "I want to raise \$1,400 on \$3,000 worth of furniture. What is your lowest rate of interest?"

"On such loans we generally ask ten per cent."

"Very well. Send your examiner up to the house. It is a speculation with me."

"Going into business, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going to take my three daughters to the seashore, and either marry 'em off or drown 'em!"—*Wall Street News.*

## FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

### A PAPA'S PUZZLE.

We're going this year to Littleton. My wife, our Jack, and Nan and I. Nan is seven, and Jack is ten! How many tickets shall I buy?

Jack pays half-fare, and Nan pays some, Though with her dolls she dies a death; However stern conductors are, They give her only glances sweet.

But this year, Nan her kitten takes, A little, purring, playful thing; Which Jack has a grave young pug, Which everywhere he's bound to bring.

Nan has a long-legged Brahmin chick— She loves that pet with all her heart; And Jack owns three pretty doves, From which he can not bear to part.

"In cage and basket," say the two, "Well covered up, our pets can go." They have no doubt, but I have mine, And this is what I want to know:

If the cat meows, the puppy barks, And if the doves at once all coo, And if the Brahms chicken crows, As the conductor passes through,

What will he say? How will he look? What shall I do in my despair? Can I, for such a trifle, hand up Our tickets two, and one half-fare?

We're going this year to Littleton. My wife, our Jack, and Nan and I. Doo, cat, three dolls, three doves, a chick— How many tickets shall I buy?—*Ed. E. Branch, in St. Nicholas.*

### NO MOTHER.

The Poor Chicken Born and Bred in an Incubator.

They were very pretty yellow chickens, and looked as much alike as two peas, but, as far as I know, they were not related. Each had started out from its separate house to take a walk, knowing nothing of each other till they met in the meadow, where they were hunting bugs. They were so intent on their business that they stood on the very edge of the brook that separated them before they saw each other.

"Oh!" exclaimed Daisy, very much startled, "who are you?" "Yellowlegs," answered he, with a very sharp look at Daisy, who looked so dainty and well-bred, every feather in perfect order, and eyes like stars. "Indian," thought Daisy. "They always give their children queer names. I wonder how he got here? I am so thankful that big brook is between us," and Daisy moved a little further from the edge.

"What is your name?" "Daisy," "I don't like it. You're not a flower. Daisy is the name of a flower."

"How very rude!" thought Daisy. "He must belong to a queer family. Oh, I forgot! He is an Indian."

"My mother called me that because I was white and yellow like a daisy."

"Mother! What in the world is that?" Daisy staggered back. "Mother! Why, a mother is a mother. One's own dear mother."

"What is it like?" "She isn't it. She is my mother," said Daisy, indignantly. "Haven't you got a mother?"

"No. Why, I never heard of such a thing before."

"Never heard of a mother? Why, who takes care of you? How do you sleep, with nobody to keep you warm? How do you live, with nobody to love you?"

"Why, I don't know what you mean about nobody to love you," and Yellowlegs looked very perplexed.

"Why, love!—love is mothers, and they do every thing. They keep you under their wings when it is cold; they watch for hawks; they find worms; they keep off all the other chickens, so that you can get something to eat. Oh, mothers do every thing!" And Daisy stood on tiptoe, and stretched her neck to see if she could see her dear mother's gray dress with the white half moons.

"Where do you live?" asked Daisy.

"Over in the barn across this field; and there are hundreds of us, and hundreds more in the incubator, that will be just like us, and I can not see but that we look as you do. I'm sure, though, that we do not have those nice things you call mothers."

"I do not believe that you can be the kind of chicken for me to associate with, if you never had a mother. Are you very naughty? I'm sure I would be if I had no mother."

"No! I'm not naughty. I just hurry round and get something to eat and this is our field." Here Daisy looked very much distressed. "No one ever told me to do any different."

"Do you ever fight over a worm with your brothers and sisters?" "I don't know what they are," said Yellowlegs.

"No, of course not, if you have no mother. What is an incubator?" asked Daisy.

"What is an incubator? Why, that's as stupid as not knowing what a mother is. Why, that's where I came from. It's a big box, lovely and warm and quiet, where a man comes and feeds you till you grow so big that you must be taken out, and then you live in the barn; and when you are big enough they let you come out in the yard and take care of yourself."

"Daisy, D-a-i-s-y!" A bright, happy look came into Daisy's face. "That's my mother," she said.

"Do let me see a mother," begged Yellowlegs.

"Please come here, mother," called Daisy. And soon the mother and all the brothers and sisters came in sight. "Oh, Daisy, Daisy!" said Mrs. Dominick, "how you worry me by running away!" And then she kissed Daisy, raised her wings, and Daisy ran under them, but put her head out and said: "Mother, that pretty chicken over the other side of the brook has no mother—only an incubator."

"You poor little thing!" said Mrs. Dominick. "How I wish that I could get over to you, and take you right under my wing! I hope you've been very kind to him, Daisy." And the mother looked down doubtfully at the quick-tempered little chicken that often made her sad by her naughty pranks. Yellowlegs stood on the bank and longed to get near Mrs. Dominick. How beautiful she was! what lovely eyes she had! and her voice was music.

any. "Yes, there are a great many chickens that have no mother, and it's a great cruelty, and should not be allowed. Yes, they are just as nice as chickens with mothers, and deserve a great deal more credit for good behavior than chickens with mothers to tell them what is right. Daisy, I often wonder what would have become of you if you had been an incubator chicken; for I must say, my child, that you cause me a great deal of trouble. You run away when you know how that frightens and distresses me. You always quarrel with other children to get the biggest piece and the best there is to eat. You are troublesome, but I love you, my darling." And Mrs. Dominick pressed Daisy closely to her with her wings.

Poor Yellowlegs! He was never lonesome before. Now the tears stood in his eyes as he walked slowly through the tall grass toward the big barn. "She said mothers were lovely, and they are. I know if I had one I would never run away or fight with the other children. Love must be a great help to make one do right. Mothers are love. Oh, I want a mother!" sobbed Yellowlegs, as he ran to the corner and flew up to the perch, without noticing the good supper Catherine had thrown out for the chickens.

"There!" said Catherine to John, who was helping her, "that chicken has been off in the damp grass, and now it has the pip."

People never understand a chicken's feelings; some think they are without feelings; but if you had seen Yellowlegs that night in the barn, you would have known how sad and lonesome he felt because he had no mother to love him and to love.—*Christian Union.*

### A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

In All Your Plans, Don't Neglect to Plan for Health.

My boy, you with the bright eyes and springing step, and the slightest shadow on your upper lip, great plans for the future are forming in that active brain. You are going to do grand things when you are a man. Whatever vocation you have chosen, you intend to be successful in it. And that is right. But, in all your calculations, have you planned to have good health? You look as if you thought that a foolish question, but I mean it. You have not planned to lose time by sickness, but have you thought how you may avoid it? You supposed sickness was inevitable, and that we had to put up with it when it came? Oh, no; the most of sickness might be prevented, if we would take the trouble to learn the causes and avoid them.

I presume you have not read Sir James Paget's statistics, where he shows that in England and Wales as much labor is lost each year, by illness of laborers, as 20,000,000 of people could do in a week, and that would be about what 400,000 could do in a year, and that does not count the cripples, chronic invalids or professional people, or those who live on their incomes. Back says, in every year in the United States from preventable diseases, and that 150,000 are constantly sick from the same causes. Notice he says preventable. Now are you going to be one of that number? You will not want to be laid aside with suffering in the midst of your grandest schemes. What will it cost you to have good health? Will it compensate for the trouble?

Let us count the cost of keeping well. First, you will have to give up that dainty cigarette which you are twirling so gracefully in your fingers, for it will weaken your nerves, impair your digestion, dull your brain, affect your eyes, throat, lungs and heart, and waste your money. You will have to avoid all use of wine, beer and alcoholic drinks, for science has proven that even the moderate drinker is degenerating physically, and can not endure accident, exposure or severe exertion as can the temperate man. You will have to seek your bed at an early hour, when others are beginning their rounds of gayety, and rise when they are sinking to slumber. You will have to avoid the luxurious fare of the epicure, and live on the simple food of the philosopher. You will have to study the laws of your body and obey them at whatever sacrifice. It will require moral courage, but if you've the true manliness, the grit to persevere in spite of ridicule, your turn to laugh will come, when you, in a vigorous, useful maturity,